

Wichita Daily Eagle

FOR—

RUSSIA
REDDING'S
BOSTON, MASS.

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BOUGHT THE GIRL HE LOVED.

Strange Story of Purchased Immunity from Mafia Violence.

"Till you tell me a story as strange as this is true, if you will not use my name," said a guest of a St. Louis hotel, as he led a Globe-Democrat reporter into his apartment and carefully closed the door. "Some years ago I lived in a southern city—it does not matter what one. It was my good fortune to render valuable assistance to a beautiful Italian girl who had, for satisfactory reasons, run away from her home in New Orleans. She repaid my kindness by falling in love with me after the approved manner of heroines. Her relatives warned me that if I did not send her back home I was liable to find myself in a sadly disfigured state some stormy night, and on this gentle hint I noted. Sometime afterward her mother wrote me that the girl had destroyed herself, and added the cheerful news that her brother had been killed by a rash deed and would see me later. I suspected that she had sought refuge in a suicide's grave from the infamous treatment of her relatives rather than from the pangs of pining love, but the tragedy moved me strangely and nearly destroyed my reason. While she was with me two attempts were made upon my life for no other crime than saving a young girl from the paths of infamy. Two of these interesting women were assassins were named up by the mob that stormed the parish prison, and I breathed easier, but not for long. When the mafia marks a man it never takes his name off the list. Sooner or later it gets him, sure. He goes none know where, or dies none know how. The only thing he can do is to comfort himself as best he may with Hamlet's philosophy and keep watch and ward. It is seldom that the mafia does its deadly work so badly as in poor Henry's case. In the victim or slaps a knife into his back in some lonely by-way. But the strangest part of my story is yet to come. A month ago who should walk in upon me but the girl I had for eighteen weary months mourned as dead. She had recovered from the self-inflicted wound, but had been kept close prisoner in her mother's house. She finally made her escape, and, penniless and friendless, started on her journey of seven hundred miles to crave my protection. She had begged her way, walked and stolen rides on freight cars, and in the woods with no covering but the sky, no sentinel but the stars. She reached me footsore, bedraggled, weary, but happy as the empress of the world. What did I do with her? I took her back to New Orleans, called her relatives about me and bought her and my own immunity for an annuity of two hundred dollars a year. I have placed the girl at school, and if she doesn't make her mark as a musician I make her gaze."

OLD SWISS SUPERSTITIONS.

For Many Centuries the Mountain Near Lucerne Was Haunted by a Demon.

The body of the Roman governor, after he had committed suicide at Rome in disgrace, was thrown first of all into the Tiber, but was afterward removed thence on account of the storm which raged round that river. It was next sent to Gaul, where, at Vienna, it was consigned to the Rhone, says Odo Words. Later on, having been once more transported—this time to the lake of Geneva—it was finally deposited in the little town on the side of the well-known mountain near Lucerne, which to this hour bears his ill-omened name. Even here the perturbed spirit broke loose, dealing havoc and destruction to the neighborhood, and, to total up this long roll of superstition, the wraith was one day encountered by a traveler, and an engagement was then and there entered into between them that the former was to give itself rest forever, with the stipulation that it might break loose from its prison house on one day in each year—Good Friday—when the spirit, clothed in the robe of office, henceforward sat annually on a rock above the lake, and whoever saw it died before the year had run out. The Lucerne magistrates prohibited all approach to the town, and in 1387 several adventures were put into jail for disobedience of this order. Later, in 1518, permission was granted to four men of science to approach this accursed place of water, and they then took the opportunity of ascending the mountain. In 1555 Konrad Gesner was allowed to climb Pilatus with his friends, and from that year the grim spell which had for so long bound the mountains was relaxed, and the Alps began to be accounted gradually, as years rolled on, as that playground of Europe into which they have now so thoroughly developed, instead of being looked upon as the harbinger of evil and the stronghold of demons and wraiths.

From the German.

A corporal ordered a green recruit to bring him a plate of soup. The latter brought the soup, but so awkwardly that his thumb touched the liquid. "Swine!" roared the corporal. "If you want to wash yourself there is a horse trough, but you needn't wallow in my soup."

The Other Fellow.

Small Boy—Burry up, doctor! A fellow round the corner died loose with his fist and hit a book agent an awful lick on the cheek.

Doctor—Where is the book agent?

"It ain't the book agent that wants you. It's the fellow that his him."

Had Hard It Before.

He—How charming you look, dear. In that dress it becomes you admirably.

She—Oh, yes! That's an old story. When the season is changing you always discover how charming I am in my old clothes—Demorest's Magazine.

Children Cry for

Pitche's Castoria.

A WINTER RESORT.

"Aren't you going south?" said the blushing to "Winter's almost here, and we're clearing up to go. Not a seed is left on the goldenrod or yarrow. And I heard the farmer say: 'It feels like snow!'" I can recommend it, the place to which we're going. There's a rainy season, to be sure, but what of that? Not a bit of it, and it never thinks of snowing. And the fruit so plentiful one can't help getting fat!"

"Yes, I've heard about it," to the blushing said the sparrow: "And it's quite the fashion to go traveling, I know. People who don't do it are looked upon as narrow." Bless you! I don't care! And I'm not afraid of snow. When it comes the first time, I so enjoy my feathers. After that I'm used to it, and do not mind at all. One can fly about, and keep warm so in all I've a snugger, too, in the try on the wall.

"When the seeds are gone—and they're not before I can find seed and flies on sunny days; And I've all the lovely summer to remember. My old friends are here, and they know my little ways. Just as soon as ever the ground is frozen All those nice kind creatures in the houses turn into crabs. One forgets it winter, when the sun is shining brightly. I'm content to stay here, and take it as it comes."

—Margaret Vandegrift, in St. Nicholas.

HEBBIN BY WAY OF SHREVEPORT.

IKE Rasselas, the Abyssinian, we lived the balmy days "only to know the soft ripples of pleasure and repose." We wandered "in gardens of fragrance and slept in fortresses of security"; but, like all pleasure seekers, we were now weary of monotonous rounds of uneventful days, and former delights grew stale. Gentle Mrs. Gray and Miss Harland, the invalid whose thin, scarlet cheeks and bright eyes told too plainly the presence of the destroyer, the quiet rector and the somewhat pompous major, with his little white hair, made up our party.

"Some one tell us a story, please," cooed the pretty blonde, tossing aside "The Warship." "Who ever knew a 'live hero'?" She laughingly asked. "I," promptly answered Mrs. Gray. "How delightful! Do tell us about him; who was he?"

"The only true heroism that ever came under my immediate notice," said the little woman, "was displayed by a hero of ebony hue, a strong young Hercules, who, though rough and untaught, possessed a grand nature."

"Yes," assented the sentimental major. "Often among the humblest flowers we find the rarest odors."

"And," resumed Mrs. Gray, "among the busy workers, with hardened hands and toil-stained faces, we find great hearts. During the late war," she continued, "my father and brother were in the army, and the overseer being drafted into service, my mother, my sisters and myself were compelled to leave our beautiful home in the city and go up the river to the plantation, to manage, as best we could, the affairs of that place. Our people were trustworthy and kind, so we had but little trouble. A few weeks after our arrival at the plantation our hearts were saddened by the death of a much-loved servant—Rachel was her name; she had nursed my mother's oldest children, and we were all very much attached to her. Rachel died suddenly, of heart trouble, the physician said, and her little children were cared for by a good old granny. Albert, the husband of Rachel, was a 'field hand,' and a reliable man."

"DE DAYS ARE LONESOME."

then one ran away from Shreveport and came home more dead than alive. Of the hundred who had gone from our plantation twenty-two had died. Albert had been detailed on hospital duty, and before another month had passed he, too, had given up the burden of life. Good, faithful Albert! Though he lives neither in song nor story, his was as grand a heroism as was ever recorded. His Rachel waited just within the big, white gates, and waited not in vain. Mrs. Gray had "tears in her voice" as she concluded her pathetic story.

"We brush the skirts of martyrs and tread the path with heroes, and are all unmindful; but God noteth all, and will reward as surely as the day followeth the dark night,"

reverently spoke the white-haired rector, as we sat silent and thoughtful.

"And it's just as near Heaven by way of Shreveport as home,"

murmured the invalid, folding her right arm closer about her—Mrs. C. C. Scott, in Romance.

—Angry Citizen—

"But this bill for January is more than twice as big as it was for the month before, and my fat was closed nearly the whole month of January. I was on a visit out west."

—Tax Company's Cashier (drawing)—

"Yes, traveling is always pretty expensive. Ten dollars and thirty-five cents, please."

—Her Kinship—

"—Belle—'Is she your daughter?' 'Fellow—'She is my grand daughter.' 'Your grand daughter?' 'Yes, my proud and haughty daughter.'—Yankee Blade.

He Didn't Win.

Willis—What makes you so blue, Wallace?—

Wallace—Why shouldn't I be blue? A fellow offered one hundred dollars for a case of catarrh he couldn't cure, and I let him try his hand on me.

"Well, what of it?"

"Why, he cured me, confound it!"—Brooklyn Life.

Couldn't Affect Him.

Bright—She's a man-hater. Cholly—Aw—er—is that so? I'm sorry to hear it, for I was going to try to make up to her, don't you know.

B.—O, well, you're all right. The fact that she's a man-hater doesn't bar you from her favor, N. Y. Herald.

A Request Ungratified.

Kitty—If I should marry you, Frank, you must give up your practice as a physician.

Frank—That would be impossible. Kitty—Why so?

Frank—I never had any. —Des Moines Register.

—Kitty—

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